

Bucks County **PANORAMA**

TO HORSE! TO HORSE
MY ALL FOR A HORSE!

The Washington Cavalry

Of Philadelphia and Bucks County, instituted in 1812, have been accepted by the Secretary of War for Three Years or the War.

 Yeomanry, Come to Your Country's Call!

To Put Down TREASON and REBELLION, and hand down to your Children, unimpaired, the Rich Legacy of the Glorious Union achieved by your Forefathers.

To Young Men of good moral habits—Farmers and Farmers' Sons—and those accustomed to the use of Horses, a rare chance is offered by the Washington Squadron of Cavalry.

Horses, Equipments for Horses, Uniform and Arms, all supplied to Recruits in this Squadron by the U. States.

PAY FROM \$13 TO \$22 PER MONTH.

BOUNTY, \$162
AS FOLLOWS—

**\$102 FROM THE UNITED STATES,
50 FROM CITY OR COUNTY,
10 EXTRA.**

Officered by **Captain Joseph W. Hall**, who has been drilled 21 years in Cavalry Tactics; **Captain H. N. Harrison**, Civil Engineer, a Graduate of Polytechnic College, drilling for last 15 months under Col. Aiken, a Graduate of West Point; **Lieuts. Casper Morris and Jacob Morris**, Officers of the Washington Cavalry.

Battalion officered by **Jas. M. Schoonmaker**, who has been in active service the past 12 months, and for gallant conduct on the Battle Field, at Cedar Mountain, was reported to Head-Quarters, and was ordered to raise this Battalion of Five Companies by the Secretary of War—Order dated 18th of August, 1862, and ordered to report within three weeks—Approved by his Excellency, Governor Curtin, and Adjutant-General Russell.

Two Companies of this Battalion are permitted to be raised East of the Mountains; the other three in the Western part of the State. Muster Rolls are open at the following Recruiting Offices:

FARMERS' HAY MARKET, Seventh and Oxford Sts.

WALTON'S, Seven Stars, Frankford.

THORNLEY'S HOTEL, Holmesburg.

ROBERT MURRY, Bustleton.

PRATT'S HOTEL, Bristol, Bucks Co.

DOYLESTOWN, Bucks County.

 All Persons Volunteering in this Squadron, will receive the Bounty of the County in which they reside, and the Volunteer credited to his own County and Township against the Draft—as per arrangement with Governor Curtin.

Capt. J. W. HALL, Comdg'.

THE LIBRARY BOOK SHOP
CENTER AVE & COURT ST
NEWTOWN, PA
18940

189409000480169001

Welcome Wagon
serves the community by
providing families with vital
civic, religious and
commercial information.

Welcome Wagon
serves the forward-looking
business man by bringing his message
personally into the homes
of the consuming public.



INTERNATIONAL IN SCOPE—LOCAL IN SERVICE

PHONE 234 - 4013

NEWTOWN HISTORIC ASSN. INC.
CENTRE AVE. & COURT ST.
NEWTOWN, BUCKS CO., PA. 18940

Bucks County **PANORAMA**

— The Magazine of Bucks County —

ESTABLISHED 1959

Volume XI	February, 1969	Number 2
-----------	----------------	----------

Associate Editors: Elizabeth Allen, Sheila Martin

Historical Editor: Roy C. Kulp

Feature Editor: Jean Schultz

Advertising: Elmer Cull, Joanne Rohr

Circulation: Joanne Rohr

Contributing Photographer: Richard Kaplinski

Contributing Editors: A. Russell Thomas, Christopher Brooks, Dr. Allen H. Moore, Dr. Arthur E. Bye, Virginia Castleton Thomas

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Calendar of Events	3
In the Renaissance Tradition	Thomas T. Moews
The Langhorne Ghost	Nancy Messinger
Lafayette and Washington	Virginia C. Thomas
The Log Cabin	Dr. Arthur E. Bye
The Treasure Chest	12
Rambling with Russ	A. Russell Thomas
Between Friends	Sheila Martin

Cover from Chicago Historical Society

CALENDAR

of

EVENTS

February, 1969



1-28	Washington Crossing — Thompson-Neely House, Rt. 32, Washington Crossing State Park. Weekdays 10 to 5 p.m., and Holidays 1 to 5 p.m.
1-28	<i>Morrisville</i> — Pennsbury Manor, re-created Country Estate of William Penn. Originally built in 1113. Daily 9:00 to 4:30 p.m., Sunday 1 to 4:30 p.m. 50 cents.
1-28	<i>Pineville</i> — Wilmar Lapidary Art Museum. The Country's largest private collection of hand-carved semi-precious stones. Open to public Tues. thru Sat. 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sun. 1 to 5 p.m. 50 cents.
1-28	<i>Churchville</i> — Nature Education Center, daily 9 to 5. Sun. 2 to 5 p.m. Family Nature Program Sun. at 2.
1-28	<i>Telford</i> — Lockwood Galleries, 345 Church Rd. Winter Show — Paintings, sculpture, pottery and weaving exhibits. Hours: Evenings 6 to 10 p.m., Sat. and Sun. 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.
1-28	<i>Bristol</i> — "The Margaret R. Grundy Memorial Museum," 611 Radcliffe St. Victorian Decor. Tues., Thurs., and Sat. 1 to 3 p.m. Other times by appointment.
9,16,23	<i>Doylestown</i> — Mercer Museum, Pine and Ashland Sts., Films on American Heritage. 2 p.m. Contributions expected. Students free.
11	<i>Washington Crossing</i> — Winter Identification of Trees and shrubs, Session 2, Bowman's Hill Wildflower Preserve. 10 to 12 noon.
14,15	<i>Quakertown</i> — Upper District Chorus Festival at Quakertown High School — for detailed information call 536-2300.
15	<i>Doylestown</i> — Bucks County Symphony Orchestra Concert at Lenape Jr. High School, Pianist, Ronald Kerschner. Time 8:30 p.m.
16	<i>Quakertown</i> — 92nd Annual Quakertown Band Concert. High School Auditorium. 2:30 p.m. Free.
21,22	<i>Perkasie</i> — Pennridge Senior High, Bucks County Spring Music Festival. For information call 257-2793.
21,22 and Mar. 1	<i>Fairless Hills</i> — Lower Bucks County Music Theatre "The Music Man", at Pennsbury High School Hood Blvd. and Newportville Rd. in Fairless Hills, 8:30 p.m., Tickets \$2.00 for Adults, \$.50 for students age 16 and under.
22	<i>Washington Crossing</i> — Women in colonial dress will serve samples of George Washington's Birthday Cake [gingerbread] 10 to 5 p.m.
22	<i>Washington Crossing</i> — Washington's Birthday Celebration, Memorial Building. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

IN THE RENAISSANCE TRADITION

by Thomas T. Moebs



Arthur Edwin Bye by Ranulph Bye

If those of you with antiquarian or artistic interests were to browse through the stacks of art and historical magazines that clutter old book stores, the chances are good that you would come upon the name, Arthur Edwin Bye. Just a short time ago, that happened to me. I had walked into a Doylestown book store and begun thumbing through a pile of magazines from the estate of George W. Sotter, whose Bucks County studio produced so many majestic stained glass windows for American churches. Within seconds a magazine reprint entitled, *Stained Glass Windows from the Workshop of Dirk Vellert in the Goldman Collection*, (from *The Art Bulletin*, Vol. II, No. 2, 1929) appeared. To my surprise, the author was Dr. Arthur Edwin Bye.

What had he to do with stained glass? I had seen several of his landscapes in a local gallery and had heard of his restoration of paintings. Stained glass, however, seemed remote from those activities.

It was then I began to realize that here was a man in one of the world's great traditions — the Renaissance tradition of versatility and breadth of view. This is the story of Bucks County's Arthur Edwin Bye — artist, author, academic, art dealer, museum curator, art restorer, and teacher — who has spent his life in vital pursuit of that great tradition.

Dr. Bye was born into a Quaker family of Langhorne, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, the year that Karl Spitzweg (1808 - 1885) passed from the scene. There is no real significance in the fact that the year 1885 saw one come and the other go. It is interesting that Bye, who would pass so much of his life in the presence of books, was born the year that Spitzweg, who had immortalized the book lover in his painting *The Book Worm*, would die.

Although Quakers of that period frowned on music and the fine arts, his family was not typical, for one grandfather played the flute, two aunts painted, and his father, an avid student of literature, had a particular fondness for

quoting from Shakespeare. Today, Dr. Bye will tell you that his family had little influence on the development of his artistic interests, but by his own admission those aunts encouraged him as a child towards art, and few today dispute Wordsworth's comment that "the child is the father of the man."

It is very likely that his direct descent from Thomas Bye, who settled during 1699 in what is now Holicong, nurtured an interest in antiquarian matters. At seventeen he had obtained a permit to study the old Quaker records in the Newtown Bank and was actively "pumping" his relatives for family history. That interest and effort culminated 54 years later in his publication of *History of the Bye and Some Allied Families*, (1956).

After graduation from the George School in 1904, his serious study of art began at The Philadelphia Museum School of Industrial Art and simultaneously at an evening school conducted by The Pennsylvania Academy of The Fine Arts. This was a pivotal period in American Art. The followers of William Merrit Chase preached technique as the only legitimate concern of artists, and Robert Henri's followers averred that the techniques disseminated through Chase remained barren by the failure of artists to apply them to depicting life's realities.

Bye as a student saw those opposing forces and studied under some of the principals and their exponents such as Chase, Deigendesch, and Anshutz who carried on Eakin's tradition of realism. Upon completion of his studies at The Philadelphia Museum School and The Pennsylvania Academy, he spent the winter of 1907-08 in Paris studying at the Academie de la grande Chaumiere (Academy of the Big Little Cottage) under the noted French painters, Rollin and Courteois.

Who can say what one carries away from such a youthful exposure to Paris! The mere mention of Paris conjures up a spectrum of romantic impressions from the 15th century's poetic rogue, Francois Villon, to the carefree

Whistler and his Fumette of the 1850's. In reality there are few who achieve the degree of romanticism Villon and Whistler experienced. Yet, it is unlikely that Paris failed to make a lasting impression on one of so few years.

When he returned to the United States, Dr. Bye wrote *Student Life in Paris* for the December, 1909, issue of Pennsylvania University's *Red and Blue*. At this moment a complete run of that magazine with the exception of the December, 1909, volume stands neglected in the University's stacks. Fortunately, his Paris experiences motivated another article — *The Glow of a Fire* — which appeared in the April, 1910, *Red and Blue*. This article recounted the experience of Monsieur Passimore, art student in Paris. There is little doubt Monsieur Passimore was a fictitious name for art-student Bye.

Bye's instructors, Rollin and Courtois, were masters of the line and thoroughly steeped in classical academics. Then, Rollin's work hung in the Luxembourg Museum which contained only works by the greatest living painters. Today both of them are represented in some of Europe's important museums. Such instructors made that Parisian year one of great academic advancement.

Paris brought more than academic and spiritual (in the non-religious sense) advancement. It was during that period he met Mary Catherine Heldring of Holland whom he later married. Descended from the van Eeghen family which had founded a powerful 17th century shipping firm, established the Amsterdam Municipal Museum, and long been patrons of the arts, she was a forceful influence in developing in him an existing interest in European culture.

His 1919 still life, *Jacoba Van Beyerens*, shows the maturity of that interest. Although the beads, bowl, and Japanese vase are very decorative, the statue and somber background achieve a powerful sense of the medieval. Today, the same statue stands on the mantle of his home in which shields of European families and a large 16th century statue of St. John the Evangelist hang from overhead beams. This still life and the decoration of his home are an indication of the continuing influence of his European education.

By 1916 Dr. Bye had graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, spent two years at Oxford where he specialized in Elizabethan literature, taught two years at Lafayette College, and obtained a master of arts degree from Princeton. That year he took a position as Professor of Fine Arts at Vassar College in Poughkeepsie, New York. There, in addition to his academic responsibilities, he studied painting in the summers at Woodstock under John Carlson and Frank Chase and completed a thesis on Coptic Art (Early Christian Art) which gained him a doctorate from Princeton in 1918.

Those years were sharpening the scholar's mind to a point which resulted in his 1921 publication of *Pots and Pans or a Study of Still-Life Painting*. Today it is a fine work both from a scholarly point of view and from the aesthetics of its illustration, printing, and binding. In 1921 it was the definitive American work on still-life

painting.

After a trip to Holland in 1919, he spent the better part of 1919 to 1921 in Italy.

His acceptance of the chaotic days in Italy after World War I in lieu of a hasty retreat across the Atlantic is a significant commentary on the man. By remaining, he was able to see the great frescoes and mosaics of Early Christian Art and to sharpen his technical proficiency through copy of Europe's great masters. Those days brought more of the academic and spiritual advancement he had experienced during that Parisian year of 1907-08. All of that was in consonance with the Renaissance tradition of versatility and breadth of view that was guiding him through life.



Jacoba Van Beyerens

Italy gave him even more. While there, he learned of the galleries and other sources from which valuable works of art could be purchased. Such knowledge held him in good stead ten years later when he travelled abroad buying for the collections of men like Roland S. Taylor whom he met during his years as Curator of Fine Arts at The Philadelphia Museum of Art.

He joined that museum shortly after returning to the United States in 1921. It was during those years that he became interested in the restoration of paintings. It was also during those years that extensive transactions with art dealers taught him their modus operandi which would later provide the means for transition to a new way of life.

As a young man he used to tell family and friends of his dream to live "someday . . . out among the rolling farm lands and wooded hills of Buckingham and Solebury",

(continued on page 21)



THE LANGHORNE GHOST

by Nancy Messinger

When my husband and I were first married, we couldn't find, much less afford, the kind of house we wanted. For the first year we rented until we had enough money for a down payment on a new house, a house which to most people would have been ideal, but not to us. We lived there for five years, had a darling baby girl, and constantly searched for the home we both really wanted. After so many disappointments, we found it, a two hundred-year-old farm house, badly in need of repair, but still, to us, a dream come true!

When we first saw the house it was still furnished, and, of course, curtains, rugs and furniture cover a multitude of sins. We were so enthusiastic and thrilled to find just what we were looking for, and at a price we could afford. We brought our parents to see it, and as we opened the door, we noticed that its previous owners had come for their furniture. Our parents noticed much more, though: a kitchen sink hanging on the wall at a 45 degree angle, a stove which leaned over to meet the sink, and other inspiring sights that were enough to make our mothers wonder if we both weren't a little crazy! They had to admit though, that it did possess a strange kind of charm, with its two feet thick walls, random width floors, fireplaces, and open beamed high ceilings. We were soon to learn that it contained one more thing, a permanent resident who soon began to make his presence known.

About two weeks after settling down in the house, I awoke one night to the strong aromatic odor of a pipe. In fact, it was so strong it was as if someone were standing over the bed, calmly puffing away. This occurred many times within the next few weeks, and as we became accustomed to this odor, another one began. We began to smell the aroma of freshly baked bread in the room we had turned into a den. It was quite pleasing, as though one had opened the door to a bakery shop. Later, through research, I found that this room had once been the kitchen.

Another evening, the grandfather's clock began to chime at ten o'clock, and wouldn't stop. I discovered that by removing one of the heavy brass weights, I could stop the chime. The next morning I called the furniture store where we had bought it and asked them to send someone out to look at it. When the repairman arrived, he proceeded to dismantle the clock so that he could remove the chains. In about half an hour, he called me into the living room and showed me one of the chains. There were thirteen evenly spaced knots tied the length of the chain, something which would be almost impossible to do, as the chains are wound through a mechanism which is housed behind the face of the clock. He removed the knots, quite perplexed as to how it was possible for this to happen. Incidentally, six months later we called him back to repeat the same operation, and again six months later.

My husband and I were beginning to feel puzzled as a result of these odd events, but still we felt that there must be some explanation.

One Saturday afternoon my husband and a friend returned from a morning of rabbit hunting. I prepared lunch for them, and as they ate I continued cleaning the living room. Over the noise of the sweeper I heard them yell from the kitchen. I went to the doorway between the two rooms and saw my husband holding a large dinner plate that was kept on a counter on the far side of the kitchen. They told me that the plate had sailed across the room, narrowly missing our friend's head, then slowly floated to the floor. My husband picked it up, walked over, set it back where it belonged, and before he could sit down, again it flew through the air, the same path as the first time. Three times this happened until my husband finally put it down behind the breadbox, where it stayed. At last we had a witness to one of our puzzling events!

During this first year, we both worked very hard, re-

pairing, making changes here and there, complete remodeling of an entire room, and covering just about every inch of wood with a fresh coat of paint. We never modernized, though, as we didn't want to change the period of the house.

We began to notice a connection between these episodes with some bit of change to the house. Our suspicions of this were confirmed the day my husband hung a beautiful new white colonial door from the living room to the garden. He removed a very old and worn plank door which the previous winter had allowed little piles of snow to come through and melt on our floor. He had to attend a meeting that evening and didn't have time to completely install the knob and lock, so to insure the door staying closed, he hammered some large nails into the door frame, and then bent them over the door with the hammer. During the evening, I fell asleep on the sofa waiting for him. About one o'clock a terribly loud noise woke me, and as I jumped off the sofa, I saw the door standing wide open. I began shoving chairs, lamp tables, and anything else I could find in front of the door. About a half-hour later when my husband returned home, he was upset when he saw me sitting on the sofa practically in a state of shock, with all the furniture piled in front of the door. It was a perfectly calm night, though we felt it would have taken a hurricane to open that door. But the most puzzling part of all was that the nails had all been bent back perfectly straight and not a mark could be seen anywhere on the door.

Just about this time I was expecting our second child, and spent many evenings sitting on the sofa relaxing and reading. One evening after my little girl was sound asleep in bed, and my husband was watching television in the den, something made me look up from my book. I realized it was the sound of heavy footsteps in the upstairs hall. The steps continued the length of the hall, and proceeded down the winding enclosed staircase which comes into the far end of the living room. I shouted my husband's name, and with that, the footsteps stopped. He came running from the den to see what was wrong. Needless to say, that upon checking my daughter, she was sound asleep in her bed. I often wonder what I might have seen had I not called my husband when I did.

After the birth of my baby, this time a beautiful boy, things were quiet for a while. Maybe it was just that we were too busy with the baby to notice. I began researching our property and found that it was one of William Penn's Land Grants, and could be traced back to the 1680's. The house had served as a look-out during the Revolutionary War, and from our attic window you can see the surrounding countryside for miles. Initials carved on the beams in the attic might have been put there by the men who sat there long hours watching for British troops. I also learned of a tunnel that runs from our well to a creek about two miles away. This was once part of the Underground Railway System that transported slaves



from the south on their way to freedom, and eventually on to Canada. The door to this tunnel was discovered years ago by the uncle of an elderly lady who had lived in this house as a young girl. She called me one day after having read the account of this house that was featured in the Sunday paper of a large city nearby. The door to this tunnel was found along a side wall of the well. We are still using this well today, although it is now equipped with an electric pump, and a layer of bricks conceals the door. We hope some day to open this door. We've had plenty of offers for help from our friends. It seems everyone is interested in investigation of the unknown!

We also found a small room upstairs that we didn't even know we had when we bought the house. It has been enlarged and cut through to the main part of the house, and now serves as our bedroom. It was during the enlargement of this room that lights refused to stay on. A thorough check of the circuit revealed nothing wrong; the bulb was in good condition, and other lights on the same circuit remained lit. Just the light that was hung in this hidden room was contrary. My husband finally had to give up for the night as it was impossible to work with the light continuously blinking off and on.

A lamp in the living room also refuses to stay on. Whenever we would go out for the evening, we would leave this one particular lamp burning. When we came home, the light was always out but could be turned on again at the switch. It was as though someone would turn it off just for spite. It would burn all right the evenings when we were home, but we could expect to find the house dark whenever we would come home from an evening out.

Every incident that occurred that first year has reoccurred during the last six that we have lived here. Often I will walk into one of the bedrooms and find the lampshades vibrating, as though someone had just brushed

(continued on page 11)



WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE

by Virginia Castleton Thomas

There was a friendship that time could not corrode. There was a love that helped free a country and brought peace to a harried land.

The affection and respect that existed between George Washington, President of the United States of America, and Marie Joseph Paul Yves Roch Gilbert du Motier, Marquis de La Fayette, was not to be lost even in two centuries.

For surely it exists today, even though only in memory. Each street sign that bears the Lafayette name, every inn, road, shop, and school in the United States is a furtherance of the brotherhood felt by these two great men.

The Marquis de La Fayette was groomed for a more polished region than the wilds of America. Yet this officer of the King's Dragoons, who had dined with Marie Antoinette, crossed oceans and hacked a path through primitive territory in order to serve a man he learned to love above all others. George Washington was the man he learned to call father.

Even the beauty of Lafayette's wife could not dispose of his restless desire to take part in America's rebellion against England. The splendor around the marquis at the court of Louis XVI did nothing to lessen his rising feelings against social injustices.

With this in mind, young Lafayette purchased a ship, La Victoire, had her sailed to Spain to avoid His Majesty's posted Port Guards, and he himself made a visit to England. From there he sailed with fellow officers and men he had persuaded to join him, aboard La Victoire, headed for America and this man he had heard about, George Washington, colonial general.

For fifty-four days the small craft and its crew of eager men sailed across the ocean. The real adventure then began. There was a trek through the wilds from the Charles-

town port, where they landed to avoid the British, northward to Philadelphia.

Philadelphia and its quiet Sunday streets led to the hall of Congress. For this Lafayette had left his young wife and child, defied king and country, and turned his back on all that was familiar.

Lafayette was given the commission of honorary Major General.

"But we have no funds to pay you," he was told.
"I ask nothing but to serve," the marquis responded.

His next action was to order a uniform made. Dressed in the colors of freedom, the marquis rode to meet his commander-in-chief at headquarters in Hartsville, outside Philadelphia.

This tiny hamlet, known as Crossroads, leaned inward against sloping hills that fanned out around it. Washington had leased the Moland House here.

Within these walls the young Frenchman lived with the man he would later call father. Here at Headquarters House, as it is now called, the older man, no less concerned with freedom and dignity than was the younger, first met the splendid soldier he would call son.

It was this meeting, this coming together of two men with ideals and dreams, that gave the world a friendship that was to span an ocean, two decades of life, and two centuries and more after death.

The friendship that grew from their first meeting was based on the military ability of both men, patriotism, and their extremely high moral calibre.

Washington had no children of his own, though he was a devoted stepfather to his wife's children by her first marriage. Lafayette had never known a father. Each man filled a need in the other for this father-son relationship.

Proof of this devotion lies in many forms. One is the

naming of his first son by Lafayette after the man he called his American father.

But battle was upon them. Inspection of forts, examinations of plans of attack, and retreat, all the actions of war pressed in. Lafayette was quickly drawn into battle. On September 11, 1777, the Battle of Brandywine was fought at Chadds Ford. General Lafayette, while leading troops near Birmingham Meeting House was struck by a bullet.

On the following day, it was obvious to camp doctors that Lafayette needed more care than they could provide in their lean-to hospital. The young Frenchman was ordered to the Army General Hospital in Bethlehem.

The trip took Lafayette up the Delaware to Bristol. The coach clattered from there to Four Lane Ends (now Langhorne), where the wounded general remained overnight. From there, the travelers continued on Durham Road through Newtown. Beyond this colonial village, Swamp Road was the shortest route to Bethlehem.

One month later the soldier was back at the front. There followed more than a year of battle and strategy for the maturing marquis. Visits and correspondence between the Commander of the American Armies and the young French General furthered the respect of these friends.

The sincerity of this bond was tested, and proved true.

When the Conway Cabal formed, a secret group of military men who worked toward Washington's dismissal by Congress, Lafayette was invited to a dinner meeting of the faction. Members of the Cabal offered Lafayette an appointment to lead an expedition against Canada, should he join them.

The Marquis, with memories of the devotion of his Commander, refused the offer. Springing to his feet, he held his glass high in the air.

"To the excellent health of our beloved general, Monsieur Washington!" his accented voice cried out.

There was no choice for the members of the Cabal but to rise and toast the general they had proposed to ruin.

Two years of battle, two years of learning the ways and language of this new country, and Lafayette returned to see his wife and child. It was also a mission for aid to his new country from his old.

He returned to America, and Washington gave him command of the attacking forces at the Battle of Monmouth. It was this moment the marquis had dreamed of in his far away country. An army of his own, a battle to lead, and men to follow as he had followed his own general.

After the Battle of Monmouth, Lafayette said he had passed the night talking with his beloved general until the first light outlined the camp around them.

Other commands followed. There was the final success of battle in Virginia. With this end of war and birth of a new nation that had fought for freedom with incredible endurance, the Frenchman prepared to sail for France

once again.

There were farewells to recent comrades in arms, and especially to his commander. His leave-taking of his friend was a heavy one. His years of battle in this new country had made Lafayette part of America.

Within two years the Frenchman returned to America. It was a last meeting between the two friends. Perhaps each knew this. Lafayette was 27, and his country was on the verge of revolution. As Commander of the French National Guard, it was his terrible responsibility to protect his monarchs from harm, and at the same time, to support the rights of the common man.

Washington was in his most demanding role as the first president of the new United States of America. At fifty-two, he was balanced with the wisdom of those years. He clearly felt he would, after this, see his friend no more. There had been so very many friends who were gone, dead of years, disasters, or from an alien bullet.

Of the departure, Washington later wrote Lafayette, "...In the moment of our separation, I asked myself ...whether that was the last sight I should have of you?"

The optimistic Lafayette replied, "No, my beloved general, my whole soul revolts at the idea. I well see you will never go to France. The inexpressible pleasure of embracing you in my own house, of welcoming you in a family where your name is adored, I do not much expect to experience; but to you I shall return, and within the walls of Mount Vernon, we shall yet speak of olden times . . . the most beloved of all friends I ever had, or ever shall have anywhere."



While Washington ruled in peace in his own land, the Marquis grew embroiled in the Revolution in France. In time he fled his country, but only to fall into the hands of the Austrians.

Lafayette's wife Adrienne appealed to Washington for help. With agonizing slowness, Washington learned of matters with his friend. He directed his ministers in France to do all they could to get Lafayette from his Austrian prison.

It was through his orders to James Monroe that Madame Lafayette was released from her prison in Paris.

(continued on page 22)



DISTINCTIVE DINING

Phone: (215) 749-2679
Daily Luncheon 12-2

Closed Mondays
Dinner 5-10

Ewald's Restaurant

durham room - cocktail lounge
and Sat. After Dinner Menu 10-12

Riegelsville, Pa.

ALECK & LEANOR EWALD, JR.

DINING by an open fire at an old country inn. Traditional American cuisine. Home made miniature loaves of bread and pies.

Dinner daily: 11:30 A.M. to 9 P.M.
Supper in the Buttery Bar to 1 A.M.
Sunday to 9 P.M.

GOURMET
MOBIL GUIDE
AND CUE
APPROVED



Lambertville House

Bridge St., Lambertville, N.J.

Phone: (609) 397-0202



A SPECIAL PLACE FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS
BIRTHDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES, FAMILY PARTIES

DINNER AND LUNCHEON BUFFETS
Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday

The Homestead Restaurant
of Lavender Hall

Route 532 above Newtown, Bucks County, Pa. WOrth 8-3888
Cocktails Air-Conditioned Closed Mondays

RESTAURANT OF THE MONTH

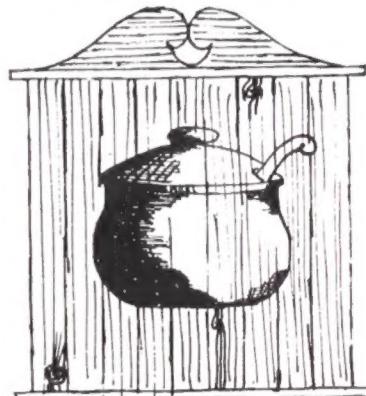
In January 1966 when Mildred Sherman took over the enlarged and remodeled Soup Tureen from Robert Grabow, it marked the beginning of a new era at the Lahaska eating place.

Policy changes included the addition of the now popular table d'hote luncheons and the colorful candlelight suppers. Expanded menus include such traditional American favorites as home baked Virginia ham and candied sweet potatoes; New York prime strip steaks; lamb chops and many gourmet choices.

Open 7 days a week, the colorful Soup Tureen is becoming a popular place for private dinner parties, luncheons, meetings, etc.

MILDRED SHERMAN'S
Soup Tureen

THE YARD LAHASKA, PA.



Home-cooked food served in authentic Early American environment. . . Daily luncheons... Candlelight Suppers Friday and Saturday 5 to 8 P.M.
Open Sundays (215) 794-8323.

BRUGGER'S
PIPERSVILLE
INN

Where celebrities come to meet people!

766-8540

Closed Monday

Sundays — Dining from 12:00 to 7:30

Lunch Daily 12:00 to 2:30

Dinner — 5:00 to 10:00



(continued from page 7)

against them. There were times I would come in from shopping and see my grandmother's old Boston rocker rocking back and forth. On two different occasions after thoroughly cleaning the upstairs bathroom, I came back into the room and found water splashed about from floor to ceiling. Water would be running down the outside of the shower curtain, large wet spots on the wallpaper, and puddles on the floor. A check of the plumbing revealed no leaks or cracks in the pipes.

Eventually all our friends would ask if anything new had happened. We were convinced that something supernatural was going on, but what the answer was, we had no idea. Before moving here, neither my husband nor I had ever given serious thought to the occult, but now we were faced with a series of events that simply had no explanation. If there were a logical explanation, then we wished someone would come up with it! Even my husband who is a very down-to-earth person, and not the emotional type at all, had to admit there was no answer to this, but one. Call it a ghost, a spirit, or supernatural phenomenon. Whatever it is, this is the only answer we get. Gradually, it seemed everyone in town had heard about the house, and I was asked to give a talk at one of the meetings of our local Historic Society. It was surprising to me that nearly everyone I talk to about it believes our stories. I suppose they realize that we would have nothing to gain by making up these tales, and would not hold ourselves up to ridicule. As a result of the newspaper article we have received many phone calls from strangers. I expected some crank calls, but never got one. Everyone that called was quite fascinated with the house, and a few have even come to take a "tour". A most interesting call was from a man whose hobby is the study of such things. He asked if we would give our permission for him to come into our home and set up infrared cameras and tape recorders. We would be asked to leave the house for the night, and return in the morning to see if anything was recorded. This was done in England with amazing results, and was the subject of a television show a few years ago. We are not quite sure if we would want to go through with this, as it might prove to be a little frightening if something actually does show up.

One afternoon a friend called and asked if she might bring someone to see me. I had become quite used to visitors, and said, of course, she may come. My friend then told me that the woman she was bringing was a "medium", someone who is supposedly able to see into the beyond. I'll admit I was a bit apprehensive, as I imagined a carnival type gypsy with a fake crystal ball! What a pleasant relief when I opened my door and saw a pretty and most pleasant woman with my friend. She extended her hand to greet me with a warm smile. But it seemed that she was not looking directly at me, but rather, beyond me, through the kitchen door-way into the living room. "Oh, yes", she said, "I can see why your friend asked me to come here. Your spirits are quite fond

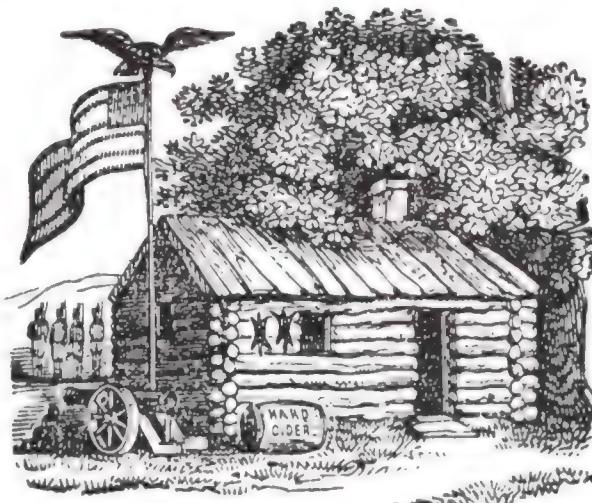


of you; they're very near to you now." I caught the word spirits, not spirit, and as we sat on the sofa she appeared to go into a self-hypnotic trance. She told me that she could see three spirits, a mother, a father, and a daughter in her late teens. She said she could see the mother lying at the foot of our stairs, unconscious, or possibly dead! Her dress is stained with blood, and her husband and daughter are bending over her. She apparently has fallen down the stairs, or could she have possibly thrown herself down?

The medium continued and told me that the man is a farmer, wearing a faded blue shirt rolled up over muscular arms, with a deeply tanned face and overalls with mud-caked high shoes beneath. Both women are dressed in long brown dresses, the younger one with her hair tied back at the nape of her neck. She told me that she now sees them beside me, where she receives a feeling of protectiveness and concern for me.

She then proceeded to tell me things about myself and my family that astound me. A numbness came over her left leg, which made her feel that someone very close to me had had an amputation of that leg. In 1940 when I was just four years old, my father had an accident which necessitated the amputation of his left leg. She also told me that this person had a serious illness with which he had been hospitalized. My father is suffering from emphysema and had spent a few weeks the previous summer in a hospital. Some of her observations made no sense to me at all, such as her seeing a small boy being beaten severely with a whip. After she had left, I called my mother relating all that the medium had told me, including the incident about the boy. My mother had no trouble understanding what this was all about. She told me that when my grandfather was a little boy, his father used to drive the mule barges loaded with coal along a canal, and many times he would make my grand-

(continued on page 19)



THE LOG CABIN

by Dr. Arthur E. Bye

The minute we think of log cabins, we think of pioneer days, the frontier. The log cabin conjures up to our imagination the great western march of progress, covered wagons, vast processions of men and women with their families and possessions trekking through wildernesses, creating new homes, carrying American ideals of individual initiative and freedom over our entire continent.

Wherever the pioneer went, he built first a log cabin in which to live. There he reared his family. There many of our greatest men were born. The log cabin is, therefore, a symbol of what America stands for, the spirit of the pioneer; resourcefulness, ruggedness of character, love of independence, faith in himself, hopefulness for the future.

Famous as is the log cabin in the early history of the United States, it is not realized that the log house originated right here in Bucks County. Yes, here along the shores of the Delaware, up and down wherever the Swedes and Finns settled and nowhere else as far as America is concerned; for that particular kind of construction was brought here by the Swedes and Finns in 1638.

We can be proud that two Bucks County citizens, Dr. Henry Mercer of Doylestown and Col. Henry D. Paxson of Hollicong were the first to bring to light the interesting history of log houses.

There were two kinds of log houses. One of them seems to be derived from the Lenape Indians, who, by the way, did not live in tepees, but in roofed dwellings built of trees and covered with bark.

In building this earliest type of house, the settler first dug a trench about two feet deep, of dimensions as large as he wished the ground floor to be, then set upright all along this trench, leaving spaces for a fireplace, a door and windows, a closely placed row of logs, all the same length usually 14 feet high for a single story, or 18 feet for a story and a loft. He then filled earth solidly around these logs which kept them firmly upright. He then placed inside this stockade-like wall, a horizontal band of pun-

cheons, which were split logs, smoothed off on the face with the axe, fastened to the uprights with pins, to keep the wall firm and taut. Over this the settler built a bark roof, made of squares of chestnut bark or of shingles of overlapping birch bark. His door and windows were also made of bark, held with hinges of leather straps or hide. He called this way of building "rolling up" a house, and the house itself was called a puncheon-and-bark house. Sometimes the settler left a stump in the middle of the room to form the base of a table. His bed was made of truncheons and his mattress of hemlock boughs.

Another type of log house was more peculiarly Swedish. It differed from the above in that it was built of round logs piled horizontally, halved or notched together at the corners without nails, with the cracks or chinks filled in with wedges of wood and daubed with clay. This type was also roofed with bark fastened to poles, and had a fireplace and chimney of stone, built inside.

You will see pictures of log houses with the chimney built on the outside but these are not correct. The Pennsylvania house always had an inside chimney, and the recesses between the chimney and the walls were filled in with a staircase and a closet.

These early log houses sometimes had cellars, but as often not. Seldom had they wooden floors. It was a favorite revenge of children when they were naughty, to stamp on the earth floor stirring up the two inches of dry dust into clouds — you can imagine the result.

These were the ancient homes of our ancestors, the birthplaces of most of the nation builders, of those men who made our country what it is. These were the first houses built by the first comers into the Great Forest, whether the great forest of Pennsylvania, of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana or the states onward toward the Pacific Ocean.

Log buildings were not merely made for homes, but for
(continued on page 18)

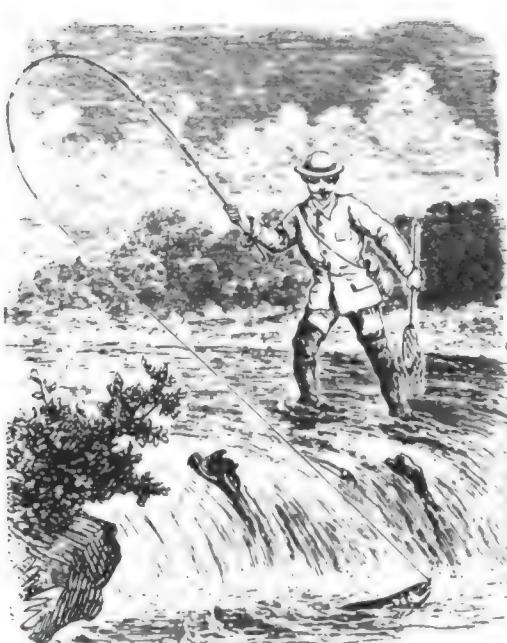
TREASURE CHEST

BOOKS IN REVIEW

BEFORE THE WATERS — THE UPPER DELAWARE VALLEY, by Elizabeth G. C. Menzies. Rutgers University Press, New Brunswick, N. J. Cloth \$7.50.

The building of the Tocks Island Dam in the Delaware just above the Gap will inundate 12,000 acres and cover many significant landmarks of our history. The resultant reservoir, for recreation, power, and flood control will extend thirty-seven miles up river. The surrounding National Recreation Area will comprise 72,000 acres. Covered will be the Minisink Flats, the Old Mine Road, Wallpack Bend, all of Bushkill, Flatbrookville, almost all of Dingman's Ferry, and Route 209.

Better drive up before the waters come. But, read the book first to know what you should be looking at for the last time.



NEWTOWN HISTORIC ASSN. INC.
CENTRE AVE. & COURT ST.
NEWTOWN, BUCKS CO., PA. 18940



There is an organization in Bucks Co. which helps those who cannot help themselves — the retarded adults in the greater Doylestown area. This organization with the intriguing name of the Treasure Chest has operated an antique and second-hand store since October of 1960.

The Treasure Chest store is located at 11 W. Court St. in Doylestown and welcomes donations and consigned articles — anything except clothing. Hours are: 9:30 to 5:00 Daily, Sat. 10 to 4, Friday evening 7 to 9.

The last Friday of each month is designated Green Tag Day at which time all articles with green tags are sold at half price.

The money realized from the Treasure Chest has been used for the Sheltered Workshop for Retarded Adults on Oakland Avenue, Doylestown, for scholarships for teachers in Special Education, for supplying medical aid or clothing to needy retardees, for donations to Pennhurst for gifts for the retarded from Bucks County, and for assisting in the building program of the Bucks Co. Assoc. for Retarded Children.

A Memorial Building Fund has been established so that anyone wishing to make a donation to it in lieu of flowers may do so. There is a Memorial Book on display in the Shop. The Building Fund is for a new Sheltered Workshop for the Retarded Adults.

The first Saturday night in May is always the date of the Treasure Chest's Annual Supper Dance. Other social events during the year include fashion shows and card parties;

The original board of directors included Mrs. Ralph Shobert, president; Mrs. James D. Morrison, vice president; Mrs. Bruce Coulton, secretary-treasurer; Mrs. A. Luther Nash, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Edward M. Biester, Mrs. William A. Spare, Mrs. William Bott, Mrs. Francis MacAniff, and Mrs. George Wetherill.



**Featuring
Our own
Toll Gate
Ice Cream**

**Goodnoe
FARM**
DAIRY BAR

Dinners

Luncheons

Snacks

Phone: 968-3875

Intersection of Routes 413 and 532 Newtown, Pa.

THE CANDLE SHOP of Tow Path Lane

85 S. Main Street • New Hope, Pa.



HANDMADE CANDLES
AND ACCESSORIES
FROM 17 COUNTRIES

862-2125

**DR. WILLIAM JAY TROPPAUER
ANNOUNCES THE OPENING OF HIS OFFICE
FOR THE PRACTICE OF
GENERAL OPTOMETRY
AND CONTACT LENSE FITTING
AT
SUITES 2 AND 3
MIDTOWNE BUILDING
SOUTH MAIN STREET AND OAKLAND AVENUE
DOYLESTOWN, PA.**

TUES., FRI., NOON - 8 P.M.
MON., THURS., 9:30 A.M. - 4:30 P.M.
NO HOURS WED.
SAT., 9:30 A.M. - 1:30 P.M.

348-2040



Rambling with RUSS

by

A. Russell Thomas

THE NEWS BEAT, FEB., 1936

HOW TRUE TODAY: The late Judge Calvin S. Boyer always was good for timely news copy. I recall that we once held the press for thirty minutes until the distinguished jurist had sentenced a certain defendant.

Speaking before the Doylestown Doayapo Club at the Devon Restaurant at a February [1936] dinner meeting, Judge Boyer urged the stopping of crime before it gets a start. My notes record the following statement by Judge Boyer:

"If you spent \$1.00 a minute from the day Christ was born, through every year until now, you would have spent a trifle over one billion dollars and crime in America costs between 12 and 14 billion each year."

"Crime, which is primarily and exclusively a question of human character, is one of our greatest problems here in Bucks County, with the average cost of crime per family being \$550 a year, which is designated a pure and absolute waste and loss."

Judge Boyer, at the same meeting, flayed the idea of spending money on penitentiaries until they are transformed into country clubs or hotels because of their appointments, and urged spending the money on the source of trouble.

"By the time most criminals have reached the penitentiary it is too late to reform," the judge said. "Once in awhile one does reform and then sentimentalists gush over the change. If you want to get to the root of crime go back to the slums. Begin with the baby in the cradle, begin with the parents before the child is born. Teach the mother to be a mother and the parents to have an appreciation as to what is right."

"We will never reduce crime if we continue to allow children to grow up in slums surrounded by filth and degradation. Take the child out of the slums and spend the money helping the child rather than putting it into fine penitentiaries."

I RECALL A Bristol man [I think his name was Weiss], pleading guilty before Judge Boyer to the theft of a \$25 revolver, which the 30-year-old defendant used to threaten his wife. The judge sentenced the man to not less than five or more than 10 years in the Eastern State Penitentiary after addressing the defendant as follows: "You were an ugly prisoner at the Bucks County Jail; you have no respect for law whatsoever; you are a troublesome citizen and nothing else; drunk or sober you do not want to obey the law; there is nothing to be said in your favor."

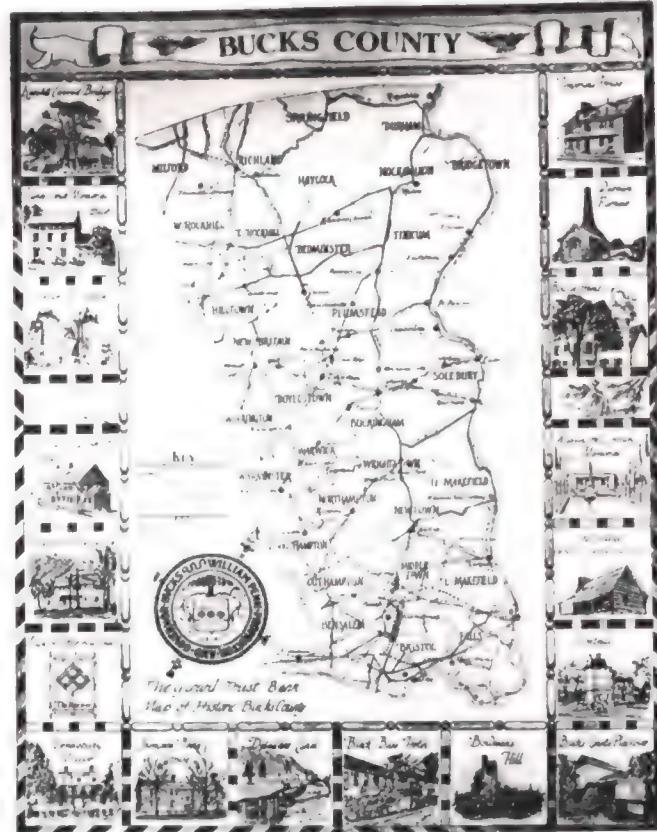
MORE COURT NOTES: That was a bad February [’36] for some folks. The late Judge Hiram H. Keller had before him one Robert Perkins, 41, a shell-shocked World War veteran, who served with the British Army. Perkins pleaded guilty to drunken driving near Morrisville and was sentenced to prison for not less than 10 days or more than three years and to pay the costs of prosecution. He had been a former patient in a Trenton state hospital for shell shock treatment.

JUDGE WILLIAM F. Dannenhower of Montgomery County, at a ladies night dinner of the Telford Chamber of Commerce, hailed the merger of Telford and West Telford as "one of the outstanding achievements by any community in the county within recent years."

WHAT A DIFFERENCE Today: One of the smallest criminal court trial lists in years was announced by District Attorney Arthur M. Eastburn and Assistant District Attorney Edward G. Biester, with 24 new cases on the docket plus a few continued cases, four charging drunken driving and one bigamy.

LAST WIFE NOT RESENTFUL: For James B. Bowman, young Philadelphian, who was convicted by a Bucks County criminal court jury of bigamy, it wasn't a case of being caught between the devil and the deep blue sea but between Polish wife No. 1 and Italian wife No. 2, both of whom were in court during a case this reporter covered. Judge Boyer sentenced the bigamist to not less than three months or more than two years in the County Prison.

MORE NEWS BEAT Notes: The largest meeting ever held by the Bucks County Fish and Game Association was the February shindig, 1936, when 700 members and guests turned out to the Doylestown Armory and heard Charlie Rowe, the president protest strongly against
(continued on page 22)



A BEAUTIFUL, FULL-COLOR MAP OF BUCKS COUNTY...

ONLY 75¢ (with this ad)

At any Bucks County Office
of Girard Trust Bank...

This handsome, full-color map of historic Bucks County, suitable for framing, was done by Lumberville artist Jim Hamilton on commission by Girard Trust Bank. Printed on fine parchment paper, it is bordered with twenty art renditions of Bucks County historical institutions and scenes.

GIRARD TRUST BANK OFFICES

DAVISVILLE

MILDEUTOWN

Davisville Shopping Center U.S.Rte 1 at Woodbourne Rd.

RIEGELSVILLE

CHARTERED 1836

GIRARD TRUST BANK
PHILADELPHIA, 19101

215-LOCUST 4-5400



Between Friends

by Sheila Martin



February — the shortest month of the year, yet one that is full of holidays. We celebrate the birthdays of two great presidents, Washington and Lincoln, and we remember ones we love on Valentine's Day. It's always fun to send a few of the comic valentines, too.

A very nice way to spend some of these February Sundays is attending the Mercer Historic Film Series presented by the Bucks County Historical Society. The films cover American folk art, historic preservation, and colonial crafts. The one hour program begins at 2 p.m. at the Elkins Building Auditorium, Pine and Ashland Streets, Doylestown.



More American homes are heated with Mobilheat



than with any other heating oil!



Mobilheat means clean comfort!

Mobilheat is the home-proved heating oil!

Mobil laboratory engineers regularly test Mobilheat in 400 homes over the country to be sure the Mobilheat delivered to your home has every quality your burner demands.

Result . . . clean, low-cost comfort. Call us today for Mobilheat!

Mobil
heating oil

348-8155

MILLER & BETHMAN

Route 611, Doylestown 348-8155

The Bucks County Department of Health was honored by having two persons elected as Fellows of the American Public Health Association. The two men are Dr. Edmund K. Lindemuth, County Health Director, and his Planning Assistant, George R. Zechman.

* * *

Volunteers are needed for various jobs at the Doylestown Hospital. This is a wonderful way to serve your community — think about it, gals. Call Mrs. Arthur Amelung at the hospital for details.

* * *

Holbert's Garages have a new location, 1607 Easton Road in Warrington where their Volkswagen-Porsche Sales and Service facilities will be open for inspection beginning with an official opening, Thursday, February 6 from 6:30 to 9 p.m. They have a reputation for good buys in cars and dependable service.

* * *

Panorama received a call from a descendant of Doylestown's first postmaster mentioned in an article in the January issue. Mrs. Anna McCarthy of Bursonville was delighted to read about her great-great uncle, Charles Stewart.

* * *

Frank Schlesinger of Doylestown has won an award in the 16th annual Design Awards competition sponsored

BYECROFT STUDIOS

ARTHUR EDWIN BYE

JEFFREY PINTO

Byecroft Road
Holicong



Works of Art
Restoration of Paintings
Picture Frames

Phone: 794-7224

by Progressive Architecture. He won the award for his design of a nature center to be built in Wissahickon Park in Philadelphia.

Don't forget that Pancake Day is Saturday, February 15 at the Firehouse on Shewell Avenue in Doylestown. The sponsors, the Doylestown Fire Co. No. 1 and the Ladies Auxiliary, will be serving from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Rodney D. Henry of Quakertown has become the first Public Defender of Bucks County. Up until now the Bucks County Bar Association had very ably handled the office of public defender, and voluntarily represented indigent defendants in criminal cases.

(continued from page 15)

the wholesale slaughter of doe deer in Bucks County. An elaborate entertainment [remember?] was provided by the late Marshall [Buck] Taylor of Doylestown.

THE MARRIAGE license business in Bucks County continued on the decline with only 85 licenses issued in January [1936]. The decline was due to the new law creating a three-day waiting period between the time the license is issued and the marriage takes place.

FRANCIS A. Fonash, 36, well known Doylestown 1st Ward Democrat was appointed postmaster of Doylestown to succeed Republican Samuel E. Spare. The new appointment was approved by the President, Congressman Oliver W. Frey and the late Demo leader Webster [Mike] Achey.

DOYLESTOWN HIGH's basketball team lost to George School in their annual game, 39 to 35 on the George School court at Newtown. Steve Dinda was high scorer for Doylestown with 12 points. D-Town players were Worthington and Miller, forwards; Dinda, center; Dunston and Ralston, guards.

RACING FIREMAN: probably the only automobile race driver in this part of the United states to be made a foreman of a piece of fire equipment was Gus Zarka, Doylestown's lone representative in the world of dirt track speed racing. He was appointed by Fire Chief Frank Stover of the D-town Fire Company as one of the foremen to boss the new Ahrens Fox apparatus for the year 1936.

WAGNER'S BAKERY, Doylestown, advertised bread at reduced prices, 6 cents, 7 cents and 11 cents a loaf, baked in Doylestown, and ice cream at 15 cents a pint.

ADJUTANT Harry S. Hobancak of the Doylestown American Legion Post informed this scribe that Bucks County will be made about \$100,000 richer as a result of the payment of the World War soldiers bonus that will average about \$500 per veteran.

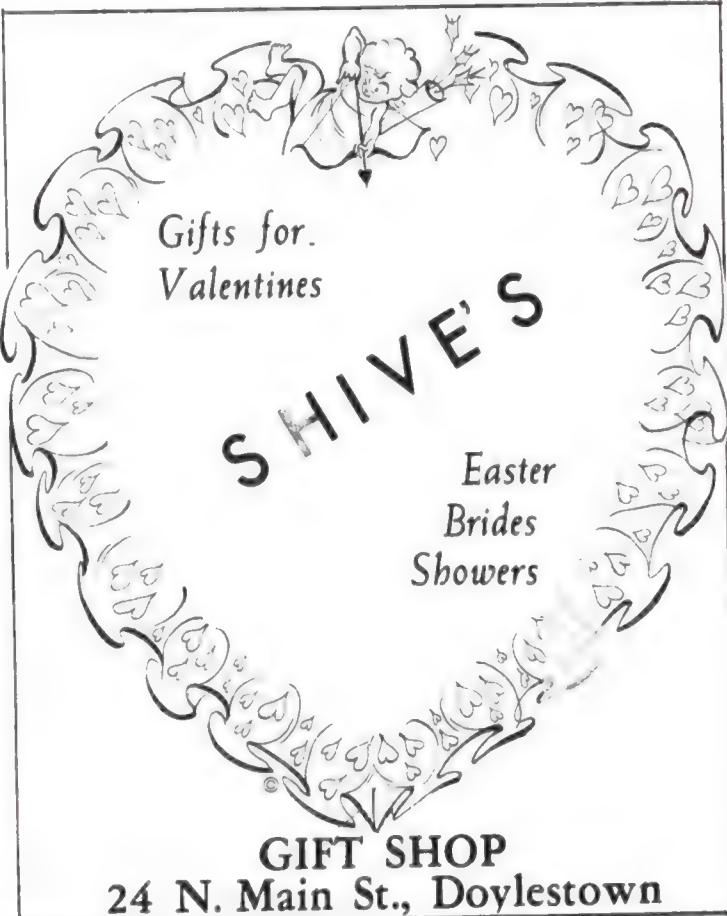
THE OTTOWAY House in Buckingham was mysteriously

burned after a complete renovation job, on the morning of Feb. 13, 1936. The loss was estimated at over \$10,000.

GOLD IN UPPER BUCKS: While preparing a Barred Plymouth Rock chicken for cooking, Mrs. John McGourney of Trumbauersville, found some bright yellow metal and sand in the gizzard. She took it to Schanely's Jewelry Store in Quakertown, where it was found to be GOLD. "This is a very rare discovery," commented Jeweler Schanely, "and it may be quite possible there is gold in the hills around Quakertown".

FEBRUARY, 1969 The untimely death of two fine gentlemen during the past thirty days was a shocker to all of us who knew them. This rambler refers to a real pal and associate, Warren B. Watson, 46, Doylestown insurance broker who died in Marathon, Florida, where he had gone with his wife and children to spend the holiday season, and L. John Hutton, 62, of Edgely and North Palm Beach, Florida, former chairman of the Bucks County Board of Assessment and Revision of Taxes, and husband of Anne Hawkes Hutton, author, lecturer and historian.

THIRTY: This rambler would vote "YES" anytime for the purchase of the Ingham Spring tract in Solebury Township, even though the price might be high at this time, but we could not conscientiously vote for the purchase of an old pottery under any conditions.

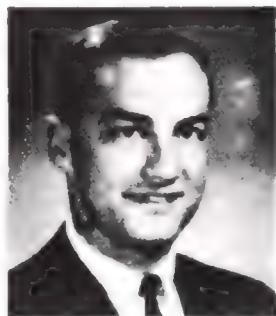


A. P. S. STAMPS A. S. D. A.



BOUGHT AND SOLD
Western Europe—U.S.—U.N.
Topicals
CATALOGUES
AND SUPPLIES

S. POHL 8 W. State St.
Doylestown
Phone 348-8641 after 6 and Weekends



DICK BACH
ASSOCIATED WITH
Bean, Mason & Eyer, Inc.
Monument Square, Doylestown

save

DURING OUR ONCE-A-YEAR

Sertapedic SALE

MATRESS & BOX SPRING

Serta

CROSS KEYS FURNITURE

Route 611 (Just North Of Cross Keys) Doylestown, Pa.

Open Thursday, Friday until 9 p.m.

Saturday until 6 p.m.

348-5611

(continued from page 12)

forts and schools. There was one famous school built on the York Road at Hartsville, first called the Tennant School because it was founded by the Rev. William Tennant in 1726, afterwards called "The Log College". From this school went many makers of our nation; it is well known that Princeton University owes its origins to this log college, and I believe Dickinson College does as well.

The number of great men who were born in log cabins is many. I think of Henry Clay, a statesman who was nominated twice for President but who failed because he was a compromiser, of John Marshall, the great Chief Justice, of General Grant, of William Henry Harrison who went to school in a log house; and Abraham Lincoln born 160 years ago in Kentucky.

Abraham Lincoln, to me, symbolizes the spirit of the American pioneer, the truest type of American, born not only in a cabin hewn from forest trees, but in the heart of the United States. He typifies ruggedness, honesty, freedom from sham and all that is superficial, initiative, resourcefulness, sympathy for human nature, a humorous tolerance of our foibles, nobility of aim, and self sacrificing service in the cause of human freedom.

I remember my father telling me of the great grief suffered by every individual at Lincoln's death, and how he, as a boy of 14, went to Washington to stand in a long line, waiting hours, to view his body.

But I myself never came to realize the greatness of the man until one time suddenly, after years of living abroad and almost forgetting Lincoln ever lived, I came across that short address of his at Gettysburg.

When I read those lines, I felt the blood surging to my face and stinging like a wasp, my eyes clouding with tears, my breath heaving as if I were about to choke. It was like hearing Tschaikowsky's Concerto in D minor for the first time. It was a spiritual exaltation, wrought by the mere magic of those words, musical, rhythmic, profound, so deeply felt.

Those words struck me forcibly because of their literary style. It was only one of the manifestations of his greatness. Where did Lincoln acquire that marvelous gift of style? From his log cabin beginnings? Yes, I say, emphatically yes. Because in his youth he learned to discern what was fundamental in life — that's what the pioneer learns — and having few chances to read, he read only the best.

The book companions of his life were the Bible, Shakespeare and Robert Burns. They were always with him, and when he wrote or spoke, it was in their language.

By their friends you shall know them. Lincoln chose the company of the Immortals, and with the Immortals he eternally remains.





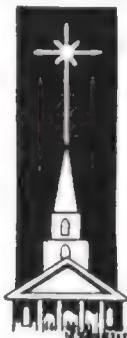
Specializing in Country Property
Elmwood 7-3543 Richboro, Pa.

Wilson Varcoe Funeral Home



344 North Main St.
Doylestown
348-8930

**Find the
strength for
your life...**



Worship

this week

ELMER O. STROUSE
Masonry Contractor
Danboro

CLYMER'S MARKET
Groceries — meats
Pt. Pleasant, Pa.

Charles H. Reed Funeral Home

182 W. Court St.
Doylestown
348-4543

(continued from page 11)

father drive the mules while he would get on the barge and go to sleep. Being so young and tiring easily, my grandfather would often stop, and when he did, his father would get the whip that he used to drive the mules, and whip the boy.

This left me at a loss for words, as it is hard to realize that someone can see things about you and your family that you are not even aware of. I believe now that some people do possess powers beyond most human ability.

At the end of her visit, the medium was visibly exhausted. She took no money for these "readings", as she believes it is a God-given talent and will not capitalize on it. I must add that I have my friend's solemn word that not one word concerning my house was spoken beforehand. The amazing conclusion to this visit is to add that in my research I found that a family, such as the one so vividly described to me, did at one time, live in this house.

What I feel is the most puzzling incident, and the one that leaves me most baffled, concerns my son. When he was three years old he told me that he had a friend that came to see him every morning. He used to get up before the rest of the family, run downstairs, and could be heard having a lengthy conversation with someone. I naturally assumed that this friend was an imaginary child that all children this age seem to have when they have no one to play with. When I asked what his little friend's name was, he politely told me that his friend was not little, but big like daddy, and looked like grandpop.

A few mornings later, I was awakened by my son holding a large bunch of grapes. We have a lovely grape arbor in the back yard, but I hadn't picked any, and these were still wet with the morning dew. I jumped out of bed, alarmed by the fact that the child had been outside while we were all asleep. I asked him where he got them, and he told me that his friend had unlocked the back door for him to go out and get them for me, and had locked the door again when he had come back in. I grabbed him by the hand and took him downstairs. We went into the kitchen, and since the locks were much too high for him to reach, I pulled a chair over to the door and stood him on it. I then asked him to show me how he unlocked the door. The door has two locks on it, one which is difficult for me to operate. He had no idea how to open them, which really did not surprise me. All the while he kept insisting that he did not open it, but rather, his friend did.

Shortly after, I was sitting on the sofa one afternoon glancing through a magazine which was featuring a series in the history of photography. There were pictures of some of the earliest photographs known. Included among them was a picture of an old gentleman. My son, sitting beside me, put his finger on this picture and calmly stated, "There's my friend!" I studied the picture and noticed a strong resemblance between this man and a

(continued on page 20)

GRAF-RYMDEIKA AUTO BODY



WE REPAIR
WRECKED CARS
24 hour towing service

713 Easton Rd.
Cross Keys
348-3748 249-3692

DOYLESTOWN FABRIC CENTER, INC.

614 Easton Road
Doylestown, Pa. Tel: 348-8911

The LIBRARY BOOK SHOP

Centre Avenue and Court Street
Newtown, Bucks County, Pa.
Telephone
215-968-2131
"For all your book needs"

HEALTH FOODS BUNN'S NATURAL FOOD SHOPPE

Organic Foods
Natural Vitamins
Dietetic — Salt and Sugar Free
Vegetarian and Allergy Foods
Stone Ground Flours
High Protein Products

Mon. to Fri. 9:30-9
Sat. til 6
963 Street Rd., Southampton
(Route 132 near Firehouse)
Phone: 355-1165

MODERN CONCRETE SEPTIC TANK CO.

— MANUFACTURERS —
"Complete Sewage Systems Installed"

BETTER
Tanks
Service
Quality



OTTSVILLE, PA. Phone 847-5112

"TIRED OF THE SAME OLD HUMDRUM GROCERY SHOPPING? JOIN THE 'IN' CROWD SHOPPING AT THE NEW EXCITING ARCTIC!"

Featuring

"The Arctic Delicatessen"
UNDER THE PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF
"MISS DORIS"



RTS. 611 AND 313 — CROSS KEYS - DOYLESTOWN

GERAGHTY TRAVEL AGENCY, INC.

GERAGHTY BUILDING

Complete Travel Service



Airline Tickets

10 N. MAIN STREET, DOYLESTOWN, PA., 18901
348-3154 & DIAMOND 3-1223; AREA CODE 215

Hallmark

Valentines are here!

When you care enough



GARDY'S
BOOKS & STATIONERY

'YOUR HALLMARK STORE'

MAIN & STATE STREETS

348-5284

DOYLESTOWN

(continued from page 19)

picture of a man whom I had seen in a local history book in our library in town.

As part of my research on the house I often went to the library to look up some of the names which I had found on the old deeds. This particular person had lived in our house during the mid-1800's. He was quite prominent in the town, therefore meriting a picture in the books of our local history. My son had not been with me that day when I ran across this particular book, and would have had no way of ever seeing this picture. To this day he insists that his friend did visit him every morning and was responsible for his trip outside for the grapes. Who am I to doubt him, as I cannot prove otherwise!

This story wouldn't be complete without some mention of Hallowe'en. The night itself passed without incident and my only encounter with ghosts were the little ones that came for "trick or treat". The following Saturday evening my mother and father came to dinner, and an evening of cards. Both children had taken their bags of treats to their bedrooms and my son hung his bag on the top post of his upper bunk bed.

My daughter couldn't get to sleep that night, and both my husband and I made frequent trips upstairs to quiet her. She claimed she could hear paper rustling in her brother's room, and she was becoming quite upset. As I walked into my son's room I saw him soundly sleeping in the same position in which I had left him earlier. But, lying on the floor beside his bed, separated into neat little piles, were his candy bars, apples and cookies. Apparently his friend has a sweet tooth!

We never seem to know what's going to happen next. I guess that's part of the fun living here, although some might not think it very much fun. We've just learned to accept our permanent residents, sit back, and wait for their next visit!



house of fine
CARPETS



• WALL TO WALL OR ROOM SIZE RUGS
• ALL PRICES • ALL PATTERNS • ALL SIZES • COMPLETE
INSTALLATIONS FOR YOUR HOME OR COMMERCIAL USE
TIME PAYMENTS

BARB-LIN, INC.

640 North Main Street, Doylestown 348-8116

(continued from page 5)

(from *Artists of the Delaware Valley*, in *General Magazine and Historical Chronicle*, Vol. 40. Burlington, 1938. The possibility of realizing that dream came in 1931 when a cousin bequeathed him the old family homestead which Thomas Bye had begun to build in Holicong between 1699 and 1702. The buildings were in need of costly repair. The salary of a fine arts curator was then insufficient for that. Yet, here was the fruition of a boyhood dream. And so he left The Philadelphia Museum in 1931 and took up an old residence and a new life in Holicong.



Clark Barn at Lahaska

Equipped with his ability as a painter, his knowledge of art dealers, his collector contacts from The Philadelphia Museum, and his skill as a restorer, he went into business as art dealer, painter, restorer, and continued to write on the side. As an art dealer he travelled widely through Europe buying for wealthy collectors. One of his trips resulted in the purchase of a Rembrandt self portrait for the Taylor Collection. As a restorer he worked extensively for Princeton University and spent five years on contract to The University of North Carolina for restoration of their collections. As an author he wrote numerous art and historical articles and three major books: *History of the Bye Family* (1956), *A Friendly Heritage Along the Delaware* (1960) and *Magna Charta: King John and the Barons* (1966).

As an artist he exhibited at Phillips Mill and produced portraits, landscapes and genre scenes of note. The portraits of Robert Elliott Speer and Charles Everitt Rush are from this period.

Those who admire Watkin's portraits of the 1960's might comment that Bye's colors are too subdued and his likeness too true to nature — too photographic. They should pause a moment and look more deeply, for into them Bye has woven an aura of history. The centuries-old form of annotation is a completing touch to the technique that seems to make the portraits say: "We are Speer and Rush of history."

The element of history is also paramount in his landscapes and genre scenes. He does not seek the contrasts of a colorist nor the overall impression of an interpretative painter. Instead, he seeks to portray the scenes and countryside of the County and other historic locations as he has seen them and as one whose roots are centuries deep in this country. There is no subduction of subject to artificial color or composition. His thought is to portray passing scenes in a manner which rings of truth and makes the viewer feel present in the past. Such is the purpose and such is the emotion of his *Clark Barn at Lahaska and Nantucket Marshes*.

Today, at 83 Dr. Bye continues to write, to paint, and to study. Within the last two years he has painted a large portrait of James Madison for Princeton University and completed his most scholarly book, *Magna Charta: King John and the Barons*. If you were to enter his living room today, your attention would soon be attracted to his 1965 self-portrait hanging above the mantle. It is more than a self-portrait — it is more correctly a symbolic statement of the interests and achievements of his life. The Princeton doctor's robe denotes academic achievement and the pursuit of knowledge. The Greek vases symbolize a life-long interest in their art and literature. The keys are love of the antiquarian which has caused him to unlock so many doors into knowledge of the past. The books speak of his authorship and concern for them which Spitzweg so masterfully expressed. The Bayeux tapestry symbolizes the derivation of the Bye family name. The family coat of arms is pride in his roots. The map denotes his travels and interest in other cultures. The brushes need no comment.



Dr. Bye — Self-Portrait



HOMER BROWN, REALTOR.
"Your home is our business."
For buying, selling and mortgaging any kind of real estate in Bucks County, consult us. West State Street, Doylestown. Phone 348-5165.

WROUGHT IRON. Handcrafted originals, reproductions, restorations and repairs. Call George D. Wiley, 37 Cherry Lane, Doylestown. 348-3754.

OLD & USED TRAINS— Bought — Sold — Repaired. J. B. Kline and son. Lambertville, N.J. Phone 609-397-0314.

JOHN T. WELSH, REALTOR.
62 E. Court Street, Doylestown.
348-9086. Residential, farms, commercial, appraisals. Mortgages and Insurance.

3 BIG REASONS (✓)

for heating your home with oil

(✓) IT'S SAFE

(✓) IT'S CLEAN

(✓) IT'S LOW COST



When you heat your home with oil, you enjoy advantages provided by no other form of fuel.

First, you have the peace-of-mind that comes with the knowledge that your heating unit is safe. Second, oil costs so little. Third, you are assured a steady, reliable level of heat no matter how low the temperature drops!

Call us for premium quality Atlantic Heating Oil. You get the full benefit of a truly advanced heating oil.

BRINKERS FUELS

West St., Doylestown

348-2668

Your comfort is complete with Atlantic Oil Heat

(continued from page 9)

Washington then arranged financial assistance for Lafayette's family. He had deposited in Amsterdam 200 guineas in Adrienne de La Fayette's name.

After her release from prison, Madame Lafayette, with the help of the American ministers in Paris, managed to get her son, young George Washington de La Fayette, to America where he would live with his godfather until his own father's release from prison.

Washington then wrote the Emperor of Austria and asked for the release of Lafayette. He also appealed to Napoleon Bonaparte to secure Lafayette's freedom.

Relations between America and France had meantime grown strained. But Napoleon had long admired the American general.

Along with the Treaty of Camp Formio between Austria and France, Napoleon included a request for Lafayette's release from prison. After five lost years in his abominable prison in Austria, Lafayette was reunited with his family.

By the time Lafayette made his last trip to the States in 1824, Washington was no longer alive. The Marquis's final visit to Mt. Vernon was to the grave of his adopted father.

There could be no talk of olden times as he had promised. The visit this time was a silent one.

But there was a reminder of his beloved general with Lafayette. His son, George Washington de La Fayette, stood tall by his side. The Marquis was greeted everywhere with arches, banners, cannon salutes, dinners beyond count, and frank devotion and love from thousands of wildly cheering Americans who had not forgotten the man who was son to their president.

When he left again, for the last time, for his own homeland, Lafayette spoke to Americans and to a memory of his beloved general.

"God bless the American people, each of their states, and the Federal Government. Accept this patriotic farewell of an overflowing heart."

He sailed with his son for France in the frigate Brandywine, named for the first battle he fought in America.

The love that caused the young Marquis to fight in this wilderness, to clothe and put shoes on ragged Americans to the point that he depleted his own estate, was finally acknowledged by Congress.

Funds were voted him, but even more, out of gratitude, acknowledgement was given that patriotism can know no boundaries.

Today, nearly two hundred years later, any descendant of General Lafayette enjoys the dual citizenship of France and America. George Washington would want no less for his son.



WINTER COMES TO BUCKS COUNTY REAL ESTATE

**LARGE FAMILY HOME**

Conveniently located has center hall, 5 bedrooms, 3 1/2 baths, living room, dining room, large kitchen with dining area has built-in appliances, sunken recreation room, laundry and full basement. Attached one car garage. \$27,900.

**EXCEPTIONAL**

In convenient location, a quality one-story fieldstone house and guest cottage. Over one acre in beautifully landscaped lawn. Well planned and designed, the house has wide entrance hall, high ceilinged living room [16 x 24] with fireplace and exposed beams; dining room, modern kitchen, laundry, master bedroom with bath; 2 other bedrooms and tiled bath. Heated two-car garage. Three-zone hot water heat. Airconditioned guest house [13 x 30] with electric heat. Excellent for family use or rental income. The complete country place, in excellent condition. Absentee owner has set a quick sale price \$37,500.

J. CARROLL MOLLOY
30 S. Main Street Doylestown, Pa.
348-3558

Robert E. Porter
STATE & PINE STREETS, DOYLESTOWN 348-9066

**SPELLBOUND! TONGUE-TIED!**

SCHOOL HOUSE. Circa 1914 restored with great style and flair. Spaciousness the keynote, high ceilings, large windows enhance the drama that greets one in the foyer. 8 fabulous rooms, 2 1/2 baths. Lower level family room and 2 other studio rooms. Approximately 2 acres. \$39,000.

*Parke Wetherill
Associates*

WEST STATE & COURT STREETS

348-3508

DOYLESTOWN



The house is hidden from the road, but as you drive down the long gently curving lane you glimpse first the roof then the long pointed stone house, the pointed stone barn, the guest cottage and the beautiful sheltered grounds with old shade trees, rolling hills, pond and stream. Entire property in exquisite condition on 15 acres. Offered at \$99,500.00.

ELIZABETH JAMES

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE

Professional Building

Buckingham, Pa.

Rt. 202

Phone 794-7403



HOMER BROWN, REALTOR. "Your home is our business." For buying, selling and mortgaging any kind of real estate in Bucks County, consult us. West State Street, Doylestown. Phone 348-5165.

WROUGHT IRON. Handcrafted originals, reproductions, restorations and repairs. Call George D. Wiley, 37 Cherry Lane, Doylestown. 348-3754.

OLD & USED TRAINS— Bought — Sold — Repaired. J. B. Kline and son. Lambertville, N.J. Phone 609-397-0314.

JOHN T. WELSH, REALTOR, 62 E. Court Street, Doylestown. 348-9086. Residential, farms, commercial, appraisals. Mortgages and Insurance.

3 BIG REASONS (✓)

for heating your home with oil

(✓) IT'S SAFE

(✓) IT'S CLEAN

(✓) IT'S LOW COST



When you heat your home with oil, you enjoy advantages provided by no other form of fuel.

First, you have the peace-of-mind that comes with the knowledge that your heating unit is safe. Second, oil costs so little. Third, you are assured a steady, reliable level of heat no matter how low the temperature drops!

Call us for premium quality Atlantic Heating Oil. You get the full benefit of a truly advanced heating oil.

BRINKERS FUELS

West St., Doylestown

348-2668

Your comfort is complete with Atlantic Oil Heat

(continued from page 9)

Washington then arranged financial assistance for Lafayette's family. He had deposited in Amsterdam 200 guineas in Adrienne de La Fayette's name.

After her release from prison, Madame Lafayette, with the help of the American ministers in Paris, managed to get her son, young George Washington de La Fayette, to America where he would live with his godfather until his own father's release from prison.

Washington then wrote the Emperor of Austria and asked for the release of Lafayette. He also appealed to Napoleon Bonaparte to secure Lafayette's freedom.

Relations between America and France had meantime grown strained. But Napoleon had long admired the American general.

Along with the Treaty of Camp Formio between Austria and France, Napoleon included a request for Lafayette's release from prison. After five lost years in his abominable prison in Austria, Lafayette was reunited with his family.

By the time Lafayette made his last trip to the States in 1824, Washington was no longer alive. The Marquis's final visit to Mt. Vernon was to the grave of his adopted father.

There could be no talk of olden times as he had promised. The visit this time was a silent one.

But there was a reminder of his beloved general with Lafayette. His son, George Washington de La Fayette, stood tall by his side. The Marquis was greeted everywhere with arches, banners, cannon salutes, dinners beyond count, and frank devotion and love from thousands of wildly cheering Americans who had not forgotten the man who was son to their president.

When he left again, for the last time, for his own homeland, Lafayette spoke to Americans and to a memory of his beloved general.

"God bless the American people, each of their states, and the Federal Government. Accept this patriotic farewell of an overflowing heart."

He sailed with his son for France in the frigate Brandywine, named for the first battle he fought in America.

The love that caused the young Marquis to fight in this wilderness, to clothe and put shoes on ragged Americans to the point that he depleted his own estate, was finally acknowledged by Congress.

Funds were voted him, but even more, out of gratitude, acknowledgement was given that patriotism can know no boundaries.

Today, nearly two hundred years later, any descendant of General Lafayette enjoys the dual citizenship of France and America. George Washington would want no less for his son.



WINTER COMES TO BUCKS COUNTY real estate



LARGE FAMILY HOME

Conveniently located has center hall, 5 bedrooms, 3 1/2 baths, living room, dining room, large kitchen with dining area has built-in appliances, sunken recreation room, laundry and full basement. Attached one car garage. \$27,900.



EXCEPTIONAL

In convenient location, a quality one-story fieldstone house and guest cottage. Over one acre in beautifully landscaped lawn. Well planned and designed, the house has wide entrance hall, high ceilinged living room [16 x 24] with fireplace and exposed beams; dining room, modern kitchen, laundry, master bedroom with bath; 2 other bedrooms and tiled bath. Heated two-car garage. Three-zone hot water heat. Airconditioned guest house [13 x 30] with electric heat. Excellent for family use or rental income. The complete country place, in excellent condition. Absentee owner has set a quick sale price \$37,500.

J. CARROLL MOLLOY
30 S. Main Street Doylestown, Pa.
348-3558

Robert E. Porter
STATE & PINE STREETS, DOYLESTOWN 348-9066



SPELLBOUND! TONGUE-TIED!

SCHOOL HOUSE, Circa 1914 restored with great style and flair. Spaciousness the keynote, high ceilings, large windows enhance the drama that greets one in the foyer. 8 fabulous rooms, 2 1/2 baths. Lower level family room and 2 other studio rooms. Approximately 2 acres. \$39,000.

*Parke Wetherill
Associates*

WEST STATE & COURT STREETS

DOYLESTOWN 348-3508



The house is hidden from the road, but as you drive down the long gently curving lane you glimpse first the roof then the long pointed stone house, the pointed stone barn, the guest cottage and the beautiful sheltered grounds with old shade trees, rolling hills, pond and stream. Entire property in exquisite condition on 15 acres. Offered at \$99,500.00.

ELIZABETH JAMES

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE

Professional Building

Buckingham, Pa.

Phone 794-7403

Rt. 202

SERVING BUCKS COUNTY, PHILADELPHIA AND
EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

50,000 WATTS

WTOA 97.5

New Jersey's Most Powerful Station

ACCENT

[6 am - 9 am Monday - Friday]

A wonderful way to start your day. Wake-up music and total news and information, presented in brief, concise form.

WEEKDAY

[9 am - 11 pm Monday - Friday]

Refreshing, different — the adult sound of stereo music presented in uninterrupted segments surrounded by a world of mini-features every half-hour.

WEEKEND

[Saturdays - Sundays]

36 hours of great stereo music to suit your every mood, wherever you may be. Includes provocative leisure-time informational keynotes every half-hour.

plus Greater Trenton Stereo Hour
9 - 11 pm Sunday Pops Music

100% STEREO MUSIC

You don't have to be over 25 to enjoy the great popular music entertainment of WTOA — but it helps! And 50,000 watts of WTOA's stereo music is sensational!

The New Sound of a Great Radio Station

WTOA 97.5 STEREO RADIO

Trenton, N. J.

Affiliated with WWHH 1350, Princeton, N.J.
both stations owned and operated by
The Nassau Broadcasting Company

NEWTOWN HISTORIC ASSN., INC.
CENTRE AVE. & COURT ST.
NEWTOWN, BUCKS CO., PA. 18940